

Prince Charles

His

Welcome to the Court,

Or, a true Subjects loue for his happy
returne from Spaine.



DEluding thoughts, banish your triniall teares,
No more let Brittainy lament with cares:
Feare not the danger of the surging seas:
Forbeare to pray, the churlish windes to please:
But pray and praise, his name that checkt the winde
Which brought our hopes according to our mind.
Let not the feare of Treason stirre your thought:
Treason, in treasons net will soone be caught;
Danger is fled, and all your hopes stand fast,
The Prouerbe's true, long lookt for came at last,
Long did we looke, longing thy face to see,
Long time, our longing could not happy be:
Long we expected for to see our deare,
Long did we long, yet could not get thee here,
Long time the churlish windes did falsly blow,
Long did they striue our fortunes to o'rethrow:
While the Southwest, blew such a prosperons gale,
That caus'd a Princely minde to hoist vp saile.
Blest be the seas, whose waues forbore to rise:
Blest be the windes, which brought our dearest prize.
Britaine in mourning blacke, did hourly mourne,
While princely Charles did happily returne:
Princely thy thoughts, that durst so dangerous venture
Princely thy heart, where reason still doth enter:
Princely thy minde, who led thee on to this,
And princely waft thou vs'd, great Brittaines Blisse.
Spaine we shall loue thee in despite of hate,
Who loued that Prince, that makes vs fortunate:
The vsage of that man, is more then common,
Greater content was neuer giuen no man:
We feard, but fearelesse, was our cause of feare,
Charles was well vsed, while he liued there:
A princely minde beares the great King of Spaine,
To vse him well, and see him safe againe:
May all that vs'd him well, be vs'd as well,
May they in happinesse eternall dwell,
May Britaine striue, to giue that goodnesse praise
That sent our hopes, despairing here delayes:
Long lookt for Charles, tho doublest our delight,
Long lookt for Prince, we now attaine thy sight.
Long haue we with thy person for to see,
And now poore Brittaines hopes appeased be:
Renowned Charles, thy sight reioyceth more
Then all the Gold, that wasted Englands shore:
Gold is but drosse, but Princely Charles is pure,
His name shall liue, his Fame shall still indure:
The sighes and sobs, that came from euery brest;
The many prayers, poore people haue exprest
The sad laments, for thy long absence there,
The direfull woe occasion of our care:
All was concluded, in this line and more,
Great Brittaines Ioy is safely come to shore:

Neptune did striue, to waft you safely land;
The windes did striue, who should haue most command:
The Seas were pleas'd, that you should mildely passe
And laid the billowes, like to a christall Glasse:
Our mindes were pleas'd, when we did see you here,
Who can more welcome be, then Brittaines Deare?
Royall Prince Charles, thy heart reioyceth hearts,
Thy friends likewise, to their deseru'd desarts
That tooke such care, vpon thy person deare,
Shall be made welcome since Prince Charles is here:
Thou shew'st thy selfe a Prince of noble worth,
Great Brittaines fame, thou brauely didst set forth:
The King, the Queene, nay all the Grands in Spaine,
May count our Charles a second Charlemaine:
The louely Lady, hy-borne Princesse she,
Thy worthy actions did reioyce to see.
Our English Fleete met him in royall fort,
In Biscay, and at Saint Andreas Port:
There did our friends make welcome our best friend,
Who did such comforts to our wishes lend:
Neptune did gently cause the Billowes lye,
While Princely Charles with safetie sailed by:
How many thousands gaz'd vpon the winde,
In hope to haue it blow vnto their minde:
Raking of cloudes, with turning Weather-cockes;
Smoaking of chimneys; all our hopes still mockes:
At last that power that doth command the windes
Gaued leaue to saile, and comfort to our mindes.
Portsmouth our Ioy did land within thy Port,
Thou gauest content, to City, Countrie, Court,
That happy Sunday, when thou there didst land,
Shall in our hearts for a memoriall stand;
O Roberts fift day shall remembered be,
Cause Brittaines feares, that day were all set free:
Gilsford in Surry secondly did know
The happinesse that heauen did bestow.
And thirdly, Lambeth did expresse their Ioy,
Who could but loue the time, did griefe destroy:
Torke house, as fourth attain'd his happy fight,
Great Buckingham, thy presence doth delight.
The hearts of people, next our second Sunne,
May ioyes increase, for all our feares are done.
Lastly, thy Father Brittaines blessed Starre
Attain'd thy sight, which ventur'd hath so farre:
Long may we liue thy presence for to see,
May thy ariual to vs happy be.
May Brittaines feares, end with this fearelesse feare:
And may this care be our last cause of care.
May Court, and Citie, Countrie, nay may all
Ioy, that so great a Ioy, did vs befall: (raigne,
Liue long great Prince, mayst thou with iudgement
That after death, thou maiest glory attaine. FINIS.